

THE ARCHON



Dummer
Academy



May Number

=

=

1913



Dummer Academy

SOUTH BYFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Founded in 1763



A High Grade Preparatory School for Boys

Excellent Equipment

Strong Academic Department

Experienced Instructors



Attention to individual requirements enables us to prepare boys for college who have not done satisfactory work in public schools.

For Catalogue and Information address

HEAD MASTER



Porter, Rogers & Co.

ARE THE

Clothiers

Hatters

Outfitters

The season is at its height at our store.
SPRING OVERCOATS, SUITS,
SWEATERS, UNDERWEAR,
bountiful stock in all depart-
ments. Our money saving
features should arrest
your attention.

ATHLETIC GOODS

A Feature With Us

Porter, Rogers & Co.

Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co.

Offer the greatest variety of

Table

Delicacies

For Teas and Luncheons.

Also, Packed Baskets of
the Choicest Assorted
Fresh Fruits at

87 CAUSEWAY STREET
and at 55 SUMMER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

THE BYFIELD SNUFF MILL

MAKES A

Red Top Snuff



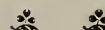
BYFIELD,
MASS.

The Most Delicious Chocolate Soda

You Ever Tasted



HOT OR COLD



Fowle's News Co.

17 State Street, - Newburyport

LaFRANCE SHOES

For Young Ladies

VARSITY SHOES

For Young Men

*Made for all Occasions***Coffin's Shoe Store**12 PLEASANT STREET
NEWBURYPORT**Water-Bottles**

All Sizes, 1-2 pt. to 4 qt.

50c to \$4.00**Q** NOTHING MORE SERVICEABLE,
and we guarantee every
Kantleak Bottle for 2 years.**CHAS. L. DAVIS, Pharmacist**

63 STATE STREET

Ice Cream

For Private Parties a Specialty

FRUIT PUNCH served at
short notice.

Punch Bowls and Glasses To Let.

FRED WIGHT CHASE**The Ice Cream Man**

Telephone Connection

Atkinson Coal Co.

Newburyport

A complete line of CLOTHING,

Young Men's Furnishings

ARROW COLLARS

A. H. REYNOLDS, State Street**R. ED. THURLOW****Shoes**

11 STATE STREET

J. R. THIBAUT*Tonsorial Artist**Five Hydraulic Chairs
No Waiting*

24 Inn St., - Newburyport

Headquarters for Dummer Students

ZAFRI BROS.*Confectioners***H. D. STILLMAN****Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring**

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing—All Work Guaranteed

Inn St., Below News Office
Newburyport

TEL. 449-M

Newburyport Steam LaundryJOHNSON & CRABTREE
PROPRIETORS

Corner Inn and Bartlett Streets

If You are Not Our Customer—
We Both Lose**F. M. GOSS, Photographer****42 State St., Newburyport**

Telephone 445-11

Get Your Spring Suit

... from ...

WARE, The Tailor

8 State Street

Also Cleaning and Pressing

R. G. ADAMS**Contractor and Builder**

NEWBURYPORT

William Read & Sons

Athletic Outfitters

Base Ball, Foot Ball, Basket Ball,
Tennis, Track and Hockey Outfits
Sweaters, Jackets, Jerseys,
Athletic Clothing, Shoes
and Gymnasium
Supplies.

107 Washington Street
BOSTON

IF you knew me, you would
want me to handle your
Investments. . . .

My clients realize from

6% to 10%

on

their New York Real Estate.

WRITE TODAY.

Varick D. Martin
149 Broadway, N. Y.

All Kinds of
**Athletic
Goods**

A Specialty



GREEN DAVIS

Painter and Wall Papers

37 and 41 STATE ST.
Corner of Essex

The Ocean National Bank

Capital

\$150,000

Surplus and Profit

\$97,600

Newburyport, Mass.

MOULTON and LUNT

—
Reliable
Jewelers
 —

40 STATE STREET, - NEWBURYPORT

PHOTO SUPPLIES

DRUGS and
MEDICINES

EATON'S PHARMACY
 1 STATE STREET - NEWBURYPORT

E. W. PEARSON

47 STATE STREET

Tel. Conn.

Florist

Flowers for Dances
Special Occasions, Etc.

Frank Hoyt
PHARMACIST

Ice Cream Soda and
College Ices

Sole Agent for
Liggett's Chocolates

43 PLEASANT STREET

~~~~~*Sole Agents for*~~~~~

*Eastman Kodaks*  
*Films and Supplies*

We develop and print your films promptly

Drink at our New Soda Fountain

The Sodas are as good as the Fountain

The largest line of local Post Card Views  
 in town

Also all other kinds

*Brown the Druggist*

NEXT TO THE OPERA HOUSE

**IPSWICH**

**Russell's Lunch**  
**ALWAYS OPEN**

11 DEPOT SQUARE, IPSWICH.  
 5 STATE ST., NEWBURYPORT.

**Measurer Company**  
**CONFECTIONERS**

**Newsdealers and Stationers**

P. O. Building, :: :: Ipswich, Mass.

# THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the  
Students of Dummer Academy

Vol. 1 New Series

MAY, 1913.

No. 3



## A MORNING WITH OLD CLAUDE

I was awakened by a sharp ting-aling beside my bed, and according to my usual custom, reached out to shut off the alarm and go back to sleep. Then I realized that this was the morning on which Old Claude, after much teasing, had promised to take me out muskallonge fishing. So, as I knew Old Claude hated to have to wait for any one, I jumped out of my bed and quickly got dressed. I took my shoes in my hands and went down the creaking stairs of the cottage in my stocking feet, so as not to awaken the folks. Once outside, I put them on and started up the shore of the lake to Claude's cottage.

I found him waiting for me on the dock, pole and bait-box in hand. As I was already late, we jumped into the boat at once. I finally induced Old Claude to let me row, so he sat in the stern of the boat and fixed up his casting rod and line, while I headed the boat towards the upper end of the lake.

As I had never seen much muskallonge fishing before, and as Claude took a pardonable pride in his title

of the best fisherman on the lake, he explained in his slow, drawling tone, the best way to fish for "muskies."

"I tell you", he began, "muskies ain't like other fish! Muskies have brains. They know that by bunting their heads against the side of a boat they can knock the hooks outer their mouths, and they do it every time they git a chanet. And strong! Why, when they dart away and you have 'em hooked, you've gotter give 'em line or it'll snap like thread. There's heaps o' ways o' fishing for 'em, but I most always cast with wooden minnows, an' I think you git the largest fish that 'er way.

"Now, then, as I've got my pole ready, if you'll jist pull over a little nearer the shore I'll start in."

I did as he said, and then I rested on the oars while he cast around. It was very interesting, for besides his accuracy and skill as a fisherman, he made an odd and fascinating picture as he stood up in the stern of the boat, with an old straw hat on his head, by which his tanned and sun-burnt face was completely shad-



ed from the sun, which had by this time risen above the hills. He had on a blue flannel shirt, open at the neck, and his sleeves were rolled high up above his elbows. A pair of old khaki pants fastened around his waist by a piece of rope, completed his attire.

"You see", he went on, talking as he fished; "when a muskie sees one of these minnows going through the water, he just makes one lunge at it, often swallowing the hull business. He don't strike at them as many times from hunger as he does just out of hatred for all small fish. Why I've seen many a—There! something just struck the bait then, but I don't think it can be a very good-sized one."

He began reeling in quickly, and soon, without much work, he had landed a very small one. In fact, it was just twenty-five inches long, which is just an inch over the length of the shortest muskallonge that can be kept.

Old Claude was disgusted and threw the fish in the bottom of the boat, and then told me to go up the shore a little way. He cast as we went along, and several times fish struck the bait, but would not get hooked sufficiently for him to hold them.

All the time Old Claude was getting more and more impatient. "I never had such luck," he complained. "How long have we been out?"

I looked at my watch and found that we had been out for almost two hours.

"Well, I'm not going in with only that measly fish to show for my work", he said. "Row up a little farther. Up where you see that old dead tree running out into the lake."

I was getting pretty hungry by this time, but preserved a wise silence and did as he said.

"If I don't get a fish here," he

said, "we'll go home, muskie or no muskie. I'm hoodooed! But I'll bet there is one under that tree over there, and here goes for it."

He made a fine cast, the bait landing about two feet from the tip of the tree as it lay half under water. He started reeling in slowly, all the while watching the line intently. He had reeled in about half of his line, when all at once there was a sudden jerk, the reel began to sing merrily as the line unwound, and Old Claude shouted, "I knowed there'd be one there!"

Gradually he applied the drag to the reel until the line unreeled more and more slowly. Then he began the slow task of rewinding it against the strength of a "muskie."

"That old devil's pulling like Sam Hill," he yelled to me, over his shoulder. "I've got a job to land her. It must be—Look! See! Did you see her jump out of the water over there? I didn't see much of her, but she's a beaut."

He had the "muskie" within fifteen feet of the boat, when suddenly there was a mighty splash and in a big curve the "muskie" jumped clear out of the water. We saw it for only an instant, but we could see that it was an exceptionally large fish.

"By gum, but it's a whopper!" burst out Old Claude. "Reach me that gaff hook and if I get it near enough, I'll gaff it."

I held the hook ready for him to take if he should need it, and, greatly excited, watched him draw the "muskie" nearer the boat. He had it almost at the side of the boat now, and he took the gaff-hook from me with one hand while he steadied his pole with the other. The fish was beating the water with its powerful tail, and I was afraid that it would shake the hooks from its mouth. Claude, watching for his



chance, in a moment when the "muskie" did not flop so much, plunged the gaff-hook deep in his sides. The fish gave a mighty shake and almost pulled the gaff-hook from Claude's hand, but its strength was almost gone, and its struggles were useless. In a moment, with a great pull, Old Claude had him over the side of the boat and safely in the bottom.

"Don't get near its head", Claude yelled. "Why, they'll bite you worse'n a dog."

Again the fish flopped around in a very lively way, until Claude gave it a blow on the head with a small hatchet.

"What a peach!" I said. "Why, I never knew that muskies grew as large as this."

"Yep," replied Old Claude, now highly elated, "they grow big. This one must be purty near as long as the whopper I caught last year. That one measured just five feet and two inches. Guess I'll measure this one."

He got out his rule and stretching the "muskie" out in the bottom of the boat he measured it from tip to tip.

After he had done this he sat down with a beaming face.

"Let's start for home", he said. "This one is five feet and three and a half inches." P. G. D. '14.

## A STUDY IN BURGLARY

If you looked at the man, you would have said of him, "My! but he's an out-of-the-ordinary looking fellow!" but if you knew him as well as he knew himself, and as well as his best friends knew him, you would be more liable to say that he was a fellow with a suitable name—John Smith, it was—for though you might know him for years, you would in all probability never even

hear him say or see him do one single thing to remove him from the class of ordinary men.

As I have said, Smith was fully aware of this, and like every other ordinary mortal, it was his chief grievance, and finally it became a mono-mania with him to do something that would cause him to be talked of—pointed at—and that would forever remove from him the stigma of being simply commonplace. Greatly as he aspired to some such action, however, he had long since despaired of its accomplishment.

Smith was an assistant cashier in one of the larger New York banks, in which he had worked for five of his twenty-seven years, and since his work was not especially hard, he had a great deal of leisure time, and this he almost invariably spent in reading of Arsene Lupin, Raffles, Sherlock Holmes, or some of the many other popular rogues or detectives. These stories were always real to him, and he often wished that he had wit and will enough to do even one of the many feats that made these characters famous, but he realized that his chances of ever succeeding were few, to say the least.

One day, while sighing in one of these moods, an idea—perhaps the only one of its kind that had ever troubled his life—alternately thrilled and depressed him. He weighed the troublesome thing over and over in his mind; finally, since he knew that this at least would cause him to be regarded as anything rather than an ordinary man, he gritted his teeth, clenched his hands and swore softly, then muttered, "I will!"

Early in the following week, the cashier of the Stuyvesant Bank received a brief note. He read it, amazed. "Take extra precautions on Friday night, as I intend to rob your

bank on that evening." That was all, save the signature "A Student of Modern Methods of Burglary."

The cashier laughed, and calling Smith, handed him the note, motioning to him to read it. He leaned back to watch him. Smith read the warning and showed that he was greatly excited.

"Friday night!" he exclaimed. "Why, that's the day that we have all the money on hand for the Saturday pay-rolls! There'll be over two hundred thousand in the safe that night!"

"So there will," answered the cashier.

"What will you do?"

"Nothing; do you think I'm a fool?"

"If I were you, sir, I'd have something done to stop the man. It may not be a simple bluff, you know, Mr. Adams."

"Perhaps not, Smith; we'll see about it, we'll see, but do you think that any sane man would be fool enough to warn a man before he robbed him? Never, man, never."

Next day, and the next, the warnings came, each one of them typewritten neatly, and when, Friday came, the cashier had thought it best to employ some safe guard, after all, and he had notified Pinkerton's agency, with the result that six huskies were at the bank at six o'clock to aid the watchman.

By nine-thirty the building was seemingly empty, and the watchman started through it on his first round, leaving the six men to guard the main floor and the vaults. The "Pinks" heard him moving above them, and then entering the cellar, and they settled down to an easy night's work. They knew the whole story, and their captain snorted out: "You'll find that stuff in books only. There's only one class of thief nowadays, and he's from the slums. A

man doesn't live with enough brains to rob this bank when it is guarded!"

As his subordinates nodded assent, a frightful scream was heard; the men jumped up, pulled out their Colts, and Walsh, the captain, hissed: "This way! No noise!"

\* \* \* \*

Next morning at ten o'clock Smith was to be seen seated in a chair in the cashier's office. He looked as if he were either sick or suffering from lack of sleep. He had been seated, resting on one rigid elbow, with his hands over his eyes, for more than five minutes, when Adams walked in. Smith rose, weakly, to an upright position, and, noticing that Adams had evidently not seen him, began:

"Mr. Adams! I'm sorry to be late, sir, b—"

"Smith!" Adams cut him off; then continued in tones sharp and crisp as the cracking of a whip: "Man! You've heard? No? There's the devil to pay. Last night that crook robbed us of two hundred and thirty thousand in bills!"

"No, Mr. Adams! Why, I thought you had hired detectives to protect the bank?"

"I did, Smith, I did, but the money's gone all the same!"

He paused, walking slowly about the room, with one restless hand stroking his chin. He looked at Smith, and, noticing his pallor and sunken eyes: "Why, man, you're sick!"

"No, sir, I have been. . . . I was quite ill this morning and I did not come up until just now; naturally, I have heard nothing about the robbery; would you mind telling me what you know, sir?"

"I know very little, Smith, and what little I do know simply serves to deepen the mystery.—Last night, as you know, we locked the vaults together, and when the detectives



came, and every one else had 'timed in', I went away myself. . . Now, I'll tell you the rest in sequence, and not as I learned of it. At about ten, Burke started on his rounds, and was heard going through the building and entering the cellar. A few seconds later the men heard a shriek, followed by a thud, down there, and they rushed down to find Burke, stretched on the floor, unconscious, near the half-opened door. Two of the men worked over Burke in order to revive him, while the rest scattered to search for an intruder, but after a thorough hunt, they were unable to find anything more substantial than a wire cage with a hole in it. The men returned to find Burke regaining consciousness. He was soon able to give an account of the happenings. It appears that for some reason, ever since his boyhood, he has been mortally afraid of rats and mice. When, therefore, several of the rodents fell upon his head, he screamed and fell down in a dead faint. This, of course, was what the men heard.

"Walsh and the men went back up stairs, laughing, and finding every thing seemingly safe, settled down to a quiet watch, for nothing further happened. This morning when I arrived, Walsh told me that everything was safe and sound, and left. The business of the bank proceeded quietly enough until half an hour after we opened. At that time the 'penny-cash' was exhausted, and I opened the vault to get the money out. It was gone! That's all I know."

As he concluded, Smith was shaking like a leaf in an autumn wind. Adams grasped his shoulders, and told him that he had best go home for the day. Smith assented, weakly, and left. That day, for the first time in his life, he rode home from the bank in a taxi-cab.

That afternoon every paper in town had an account of the robbery, and under big scare-type headings, such as "Bold Desperado Robs Bank Under Very Eyes of Detectives!"; "Burglar Warns, Then Robs Stuyvesant Bank!" etc., etc., a story of the mystery appeared. After the story itself, there followed over two columns of wild guesses as to how the crime had been accomplished. All the papers hailed this as "the greatest mystery of the decade, and one that they feared would forever remain unsolved, since the criminal had successfully escaped without leaving any evidence."

New York was thrilled for three days by the mystery. New Yorkers went to sleep at night talking of "the mystery", and awoke in the morning to continue the discussion over the morning paper, at the breakfast table.

Interest was still at fever heat, when, one morning, a week from the day the crime had been committed, the following new and glaring headline appeared in the papers: "Bank-Robber Sends Note and Crime-Story to Papers!" Here is a copy of the note and the "confession" as it appeared in all the papers:

My Dear Mr. Editor:

"I have noted with delight that the Police are 'hot on the trail', and I wish them success, but, Alas! they won't have it. I enclose a story of my own part in the robbery.

"A Student of Modern Methods of Burglary."

"P. S. In case you doubt the authenticity of this, compare same with my notes to Adams. (S. M. M. B.)"

We have made the comparison suggested by this daring writer, and



from the report of our experts we find that the notes were typed on the same paper, and on the same typewriter (for the c's and f's were defective in all notes.) Here is the story as written by this peculiar robber:

"I conceived this crime a week before it was committed, and decided that since this was to be my first, last, and only trespass against the law, it must be worthy of a man who has studied criminology for over half his life, as I have done.—But to enter upon the story of the crime:

"I had known that six detectives would be in the bank with the regular watchman, and I knew that I must get rid of them, since they would naturally guard the vault itself, letting the watchman make the rounds alone. How was I to get them out of the way? That was my only difficulty. I thought of several plans; none were good enough. At last I hit upon the one that I finally used. I knew (never mind how) that the watchman lived in mortal fear of mice, and I also knew his round system. Very well, then. I had access to the bank cellar, and at five o'clock I put two mice and a rat in a cage, went into the cellar, and attached the cage to a door in such a manner that the rat and mice would drop onto the head of the first person who opened the door. (I was positive, since the bank had already closed, that no one would come there until the watchman made his first trip.) This accomplished, I went up stairs to the cashier's office, and seeing that no one observed me, I went in. In this office are several suits of armor, placed in life-like positions. I dressed myself in one of these, and assumed its position, sitting in a chair.

"By the time that this was done,

the cashier and the 'guard' were the only men left in the building, and soon the cashier came in, took his hat and coat, and left without noticing me. I knew that I was safe. After a while, the detectives came into the room and began smoking. I was extremely nervous as I listened to their talk, and I waited eagerly for the watchman (whom I heard above us) to reach the cellar. At length he did so.

"He opened the door, and as the mice fell on him, he screamed and fainted. I expected the scream, and relied on this to lure the detectives into the cellar; my calculations were true—the 'Pinks' rushed down to see what the trouble was, and as soon as I heard them enter the cellar, I pushed an electrical contrivance which bolted all the cellar doors. (This, I afterwards discovered, was unnecessary, for the watchman had fainted, as I said above, and for fifteen minutes he was unable to clear matters; I had finished my work in ten.) I next picked up my satchel and then shut off the vault alarm—I knew of this, too, you see. From then on my work was easy. I put the money from the unlocked vaults into my bag, shut the vaults, released the currents on the cellar doors, turned on the alarm, and returned into the office. Here I made my only mistake. When the men ran out, they had left the door open. I returned with my plunder and closed it firmly. This might have proved to be a serious blunder, but luckily the men overlooked it when they came back. That is all. I remained in the office until after the bank opened the next day, and then left. How I left, I cannot say, for this must be my own secret, as it would almost certainly serve to incriminate me.

"That is the entire story of the so-called 'crime'. I do not consider

myself guilty of a misdemeanor, however, for I gave the Trust Company plenty of time to guard themselves, and also warned them. Further, what is there ignominious in one man's outwitting seven? I think that there is no stigma attached to this, therefore my conscience is clear, and I have no regrets. But, perhaps, some day, if they give me a chance to do so without being discovered, I will return the money. I only wanted to show that it could be done. I am not a thief, but—  
*"A Student of Modern Methods of Burglary."*

W. S. K. '14.

## IN FOGGY LUNNON

We at last were riding at anchor in Southampton port. A great, lubberly South African trader lay alongside. Her crew were greasy blacks, nude but for skins around their waists, and red bandanas around their kinky heads. This ship, coming from another continent, made the feeling more keen that we were at a great port, a rendezvous for the world's traders.

On landing, however, we found the streets deserted. In America Saturday is one of our busiest days, but evidently this was not the case in England. This was the first of the many "wrong-end-to-nesses", from the American standpoint, which we were soon to find abounding in England.

This being our first trip abroad, we were, of course, most anxious to get to London as soon as possible. We purchased our tickets at a little, "two-by-four" station, and at nine-thirty Sunday morning we were crawling on our way to the greatest city in the world, in the slowest, laziest of trains imaginable. The distance was eighty miles, and we were four hours in traversing it.

Patriotism, American boastfulness, call it what you will, took a great deal of the tediousness from the trip. The fact that even Byfield can boast of better trains than the one we found in the heart of John Bull's stamping ground, made us rather glad at our own expense. There is still a grain of "feeling" in every American on his first visit to England.

The slowness of our progress served another purpose. It afforded us an opportunity of seeing several typical English hamlets—Free-mantle, Castleigh, Winchester, Alresford, Basingstoke, Esher, and a multitude of others, all were recipients of the gentle courtesy of our obliging train. A rather extended visit was made to each, and every one, much to the delight, perhaps, of the rural inhabitants whom the system favors, but to the disgust of those few Englishmen suffering in a mild degree, with "Americanitis", and who are not willing to spend valuable business time in paying visits to country cousins, en route to London. Then, too, we were able to gain a comfortable view of the much-vaunted English landscape. The trees did not join hands and dance a dizzy Spanish whirl as they do in the country through which our great American expresses pass.

Farms, with their squatting cottages, and pastures dotted with grazing cattle, were not flashed into view and then precipitated as quickly into oblivion, by the very speed of our progress. No, as I said, we had a comfortable view of the gently undulating green, flowering land of Shakespeare.

Our aesthetic enjoyment of the beauties of nature was not too overpowering, however, to make us feel sorry when the rancorous-throated official announced in his most beautiful "h'English h'accent" that the



“next stytion was Lunnon”, and down we got at Charing Cross,—in London at last.

It was with joints stiffened, and limbs asleep, that we set foot on the pavements of London town, when a certain event in which I was to play no insignificant part soon aroused me at least from whatever lethargy I was laboring under. My friend and I were about to cross from the Charing Cross station to the Strand, after looking up the right-hand side of the street for any passing vehicle which might do us bodily injury. We had just stepped into the street when I happened to look to my left and saw a great big motor bus bearing down upon the only friend I had in London. Well, I’m very modest, so I’ll just say that I grabbed him and pulled him away in time to prevent any mortal injury befalling him. Now, to get to the point of all this. The motor bus was on the left-hand side of the street and going like the very old mischief. Well, I wanted to say something about it to an officer, when I discovered that all the carriages and wagons and everything else were running on the left-hand side of the street. Mind you. “Keep to your left.” Did you ever hear anything like that in your life? But then, they do many strange things in London.

Monday we took a boat up the Thames to Greenwich. Of course you have heard of the beautiful Thames. Well, you can believe me, our River Parker is a prettier spectacle. The river runs right through the middle of the city. If it were in the same position in South Byfield, it would be just about where the main road is. Greenwich, we learned, is the naval town of England, corresponding to Annapolis in our country. They have a naval school there where little fel-

lows ten years of age are admitted, and study to go into the service of his Majesty, the King. We visited the painted hall while there, and were very much impressed by it. It really was the best thing we had seen up to that time. The walls and ceiling were entirely covered with an immense story picture. On the walls hung pictures, oil paintings depicting naval scenes and battles. In the far end of the building was another room which contained relics of Admiral Nelson, their naval hero. In this room are exhibited Nelson’s sword, his gloves, one of his shoes, a buckle off his garter, and many other things of that nature. Yes, Vice Admiral Horatio Viscount Nelson, K. B., is surely the irreproachable one in that part of the globe.

In the afternoon, after having returned to London, we paid six pence and entered what is known as the Public Baths. The entrance to the place looks like the private mansion of Lord Helpus—white Italian marble throughout. It certainly was a very imposing looking structure. The interior was none the less beautiful. A pool about seventy yards long with fine, clean water, is surrounded by a marble walk. At one end of the pool is a diving platform of two heights, one at six feet and the other at twelve. Overhead hang ferns from which comes a continual shower, a fine spray which makes a very pretty effect. We did surely enjoy that swim. The pool reminded me so much of the pool in Dummer.

We entered a modest looking restaurant on Oxford street, intending to indulge in a good meal after our strenuous day. The first thing that struck my eye, upon looking at the menu, was salad. Well, I hadn’t had any salad of any kind since I left home, so I decided to have sal-



ad. The price alongside of salad. was threepence, which is equivalent to six cents in our money. The waitress brought in a tomato, two leaves of lettuce, and some kind of grass. The charge for the salad was nine pence, which is three times three pence, making it eighteen cents for a little, a very little salad. You see, they charged three pence for each ingredient. We had to submit gracefully to little graft schemes like that because we were Americans, and unfamiliar with the customs of the country.

As our time was getting short, we left the restaurant and boarded a trolley car which was on its way to Waterloo station. London is indeed a quaint and beautiful city, but a stranger unused to its ways must have more than one day in which to discover its beauties, overlaid as they are a good part of the time by a black, murky fog. Before we had realized that our experience in the English capital was over, we were seated in a third-class car on our way to Southampton by a different route from that by which we came.

F. H. G.

## OVERHEARD AT THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVER- SARY OF DUMMER ACADEMY

(Mr. Poto Continues to Explain).

That's Green, the great comedian,  
Star in "The Merry-maker":  
And there is grave Sebastian Small,  
The Byfield undertaker.

Bushnell and Woodward came last  
night—

The same staid, solemn fellows.  
They live on the Pacific coast  
And manufacture—BELLOWS.

That's Doctor Trask—yes, *Doctor*:  
sure!

His is the healing art.  
He specializes with success  
In matters of the heart,  
Like poor old Tapley's. Freddie had  
The epidemic badly.  
He never quite got over it,  
And shows his troubles sadly.

There's Alfred Fuller, who, they  
say,

Is getting rich in farm stocks,  
And Norris, who has made his pile,  
By patents on alarm clocks.  
That's Bishop Pearson talking with  
John Skeelee, the great explorer,  
Who says he owes his wondrous  
strength

To Cutter's Hair Restorer.  
There's Larry Wilson, proud to be  
A famous side-show barker—  
He learned the trick when we played  
ball

Down here beside the Parker.  
Goodwin and Boyle, of course you  
know,

Were great Olympic winners;  
In everything they try they get  
Ahead of us poor sinners!

Sir Robert Johnston's just arrived,  
He's recently been knighted  
For great discoveries by which  
The ocean's depths are lighted.  
It's wonderful how Dummer boys  
Lead all the world in knowledge!  
There's old De Rosay over there,  
The head of Harvard College.

His portrait's just been done by  
Marr,

Who's called the modern Titian.  
There's Young, who wrote "Wild  
Wyanoke"—

It's in its tenth edition.  
Come! There's the bell! This pro-  
gram has

My hearty approbation.  
Yes, Travis Ingham, Junior, will  
Deliver the oration.



# The Archon

*Published Monthly in the interest of  
the Students of Dummer Academy*

---

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

PERCIVAL C. MARR, Editor-in-Chief.  
ANTONY L. POTO, .....Athletics  
ROGER B. COULTER, ....Home Life

## BUSINESS STAFF.

EVERETT TRASK,  
WILLARD S. KOHN.

---

---

The subscription price of "THE ARCHON" is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

|                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| Business Card .....    | per issue \$ .50 |
| One-eighth Page, ..... | .75              |
| One-fourth Page .....  | 1.50             |
| One-half Page, .....   | 3.00             |
| Full Page, .....       | 5.00             |

All business communications should be addressed to Business Mgr. ARCHON, Dummer Academy, So. Byfield, Mass.

On sale at Pearson's Book Store, Newburyport.

The circulation of THE ARCHON is 1500 copies.

The readers and subscribers of this paper will be doing it a favor if they will patronize its advertisers and mention the fact that they saw the advertisement in THE ARCHON.

The last number of the ARCHON unintentionally testified to the steady growth of one of Newburyport's well known banks, by inserting an advertisement the copy for which was obtained from a similar advertisement in the ARCHON of three years ago. The surplus and profit of the Ocean Bank were there given as \$75,000, whereas today they are just under \$100,000, as shown by the corrected advertisement on another page.

The Editorial Board and students wish to thank their friends in Newburyport, Ipswich, and elsewhere, who have given them such liberal support in the matter of advertising. As far as possible, we intend to show that it pays to advertise in a lively school paper.

Yes, we're easy all right—and generous! While Mr. Ramsden went home for Sunday, the windows at Pierce were washed, by way of giving him a glad surprise on his return, and some giant intellect was responsible for the remark that if he brought back a bride she would be able to see through them. The hint was sufficient. Every resident of the cottage examined his cash-box, and the sum of thirty-seven cents was subscribed toward a solid silver salt spoon with which the happy pair could set up housekeeping. Half the pair is back at his post.



The Trunk Wrestlers' Union has disbanded, since the interview with Dr. Ingham. The chief wrestlers, Marr and Goodwin, have decided that they will throw no more trunks out of windows.

One of the bright students in the Civics class says that usually the town meetings last four or five days, because the farmers are so slow!

There are several bright stars in Latin 2, and as they recite in study hall, those who have no classes during that period, greatly enjoy them. As one fellow tersely put it, "What is the use of going to the Orpheum Theatre when you can hear so much good vaudeville at some of the recitations of Latin 2?"

For that matter, Latin 1 has some hopeful material too, as witness this not inapt reply: "What kind of a verb is *morior*?" Hale: "Despondent."

Norris, breaking in upon the peaceful calm of Room 33: "Hey, Kohn, lend me a base ball mitt, will you?"

Kohn: "What do you want with it?"

Norris: "Didn't they say there was to be practice this afternoon?"

Kohn: "Yes, but that was only for the battery."

Norris: "Well, don't everybody have to bat?"

Subscription lists were opened last week for a fund to purchase an invalid's wheel chair for Coulter to use in his trips between the table and the serving shelf. Several persons from Mr. Degen's table were injured in the mad rush to subscribe.

Dr. Ingham: "Flanders! Why did Cæsar always begin his campaigns in the spring?"

Flanders: "Dunno."

Dr. I.: "What!—Well, why do they plant potatoes in the spring?"

F. (after long deliberation): "So they'll grow, I guess."

Apropos of the Commencement Dinner, the students are laying bets as to whether it will be "boiled" or "fried!"

We have received quite a number of subscriptions to the ARCHON since our last issue, for which we are duly grateful. It is not too late yet. We know you mean to do it, but why not do it? Send stamps, cheque or coin. We take all risks.

Piano lessons given in Commons Hall by Profs. W—d and C—s. Pupils taught to play with their feet in one lesson. Tuition free. All damages (to the feet) cheerfully paid for by the instructors.





1912. Page Brown, while on his Easter vacation from Dartmouth, spent several days at the Academy recently.

1911. Job Tyler, now of A. C. Tyler & Co., is at present living in Boston, and was a welcome visitor over the week end of April 19th.

1912. Sam Godfrey dropped in Saturday, having walked down from Exeter to see his friends here.

1912. Edwin Hatheway, who is with the Morse Twist Drill Co., of New Bedford, has been spending part of his vacation in Newburyport and has been out to look over the base ball candidates once or twice.

John H. Morse, President of the Sons of Dummer and Chairman of the Celebration Committee, is rapidly completing the details for the celebration on June 8th and 9th. An outline of the program is given below. Carefully note the date so as to keep the time as free as possible for the event.

Former Master Wm. Dudley Sprague, who was recently elected Principal of the High School in Dedham, was at his cottage a few days last week preparing for opening a little later. Former Master Horne recently published an interesting letter in a Boston paper, in regard to the bearing of the Tariff on the Sugar Industry in Hawaii. Mr. Horne shares the apprehension of the planters of the possibility of free sugar.

## THE JUNE CELEBRATION

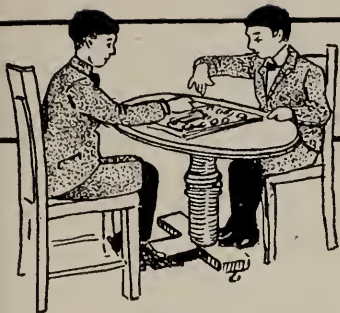
While it was hoped to print at this time the completed program for the celebration on June 8th and 9th, we are able only to report progress and to promise later details in the next issue of the ARCHON, and by circulars.

On Sunday, June 8th, at 3.15, services at the Byfield Church, with the sermon by the Rev. President Flavel S. Luther, D.D., of Trinity College, Hartford.

On Monday, the following outline will be followed with some slight modifications. Monday, June 9th, 10.30, meeting of the Sons of Dummer in Sargent Hall. The public exercises of the day will begin at 11.30, and will consist of an historical address by the Hon. John D. Long, Ex-Governor of the State of Massachusetts, and other features to be announced. This will be followed by a dinner at 1.30, a ball game at 3.30, a tea at 5, given by the Dummer Allies, and the Alumni Reception at 8.

On Tuesday, at 11 o'clock, will be brief commencement exercises, consisting of the Ambrose Prize speaking, the award of prizes and diplomas, including the award of the school flag.

The present indications are that the occasion will be the most notable in the long history of the school, both because of the interest shown, and the promised participation and presence of many distinguished guests.



# HOME LIFE

Now that spring has brought the warm weather and base ball, the social events of the school suffer greatly, and consequently most of this part of the ARCHON is an excuse for the small amount of news given. Perhaps we can not blame spring altogether, for there was quite a holiday that cut in during this time, so the only thing that has happened along this line is the dance that took place on Wednesday, the 26th.

The decorating here was something new. Four fir trees stood at the corner of the hall. Overhead was a canopy of branches, a regular mat of dark green with the lights above shining through. The whole effect was very good.

But the decorating doesn't make the dance, and this time it was only a small part of it. The programme and the music were both excellent. There was not a slip in the whole arrangement. Altogether this dance, managed by Goodwin and Coleman, must be put with the rest of our great successes in the social line.

The "Pierce Opera House" has been started, but as everything about it is shrouded in mystery, the editors can find out nothing about it.

Thanks to the Dummer Allies and to Mr. Sleeper, some book shelves have been built in the Commons living room, and the boys are enjoying the books which friends have contributed. We append a list of these books received thus far, and hope others will follow the generous example of the donors, to whom our hearty thanks are herewith extended.

Peter Pan .....Miss Gloster  
Treasure Island.....Mrs. Whipple  
Kidnapped .....Mrs. Whipple  
Bob, Son of Battle....Miss Carroll  
The Carpet From Bagdad

.....Miss Todd  
The Princess Virginia..Miss Todd  
The Bonnie Brier Bush..Miss Todd  
David Harum.....Miss Todd  
The Last Emperor of the Old Do-

minion .....Miss Jane Wood  
Bryant's Poems ...Miss Jane Wood  
War Pictures .....Miss Jane Wood  
Dave Darrin at Annapolis (3  
vols.) .....Ross Currier  
Dick Prescott at West Point

.....Ross Currier  
Grammar School Boys (2 vols.)

.....Ross Currier  
Battleship Boys at Sea.Ross Currier  
That Treasure.....Ross Currier  
Uncle Sam's Boys in the Ranks

.....Ross Currier  
Farming It .....Geo. E. Noyes  
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

.....Geo. E. Noyes  
The Colonel's Story .Geo. E. Noyes  
Green Mountain Boys

.....Mrs. Henry Noyes  
Tom Brown's School Days

.....Mrs. Henry Noyes  
Yoppy .....Geo. N. Whipple  
A Man Mine Equal

.....Geo. N. Whipple  
The Man Without a Country

.....Geo. N. Whipple  
Ten Times One is Ten

.....Geo. N. Whipple  
The Red City .....Mrs. Andrews  
Found in the Philippines

.....Mrs. Frank Ambrose  
The Old Peabody Pew

.....Mrs. Arthur Merriam  
(Continued on page 20)





Base ball practice had begun before the Easter vacation, and was taken up again soon after the holidays. About twenty men reported to Coach Jenkins and the prospects for a good team looked extremely bright. As one can never tell what kind of a showing the team is going to make until the season is well advanced, we will save our comments until later. Only four of last year's men are back. They are Capt. Poto, Worcester, Yesair and Arlin. Those who followed last year's team need not be told of what calibre Worcester's pitching is. A very hard schedule has been arranged by Manager Loud and some of the hardest games are with Worcester Academy, Haverhill High, Stone School and Newburyport High.

#### THE SCHEDULE.

|          |                                 |
|----------|---------------------------------|
| April 11 | Brown & Nicolls at Cambridge.   |
| April 14 | Manning High at So. Byfield.    |
| April 16 | Hampton Acad'y at So. Byfield.  |
| April 19 | St. Andrew's at Concord.        |
| April 21 | Stone School at So. Byfield.    |
| April 23 | Danvers High at So. Byfield.    |
| April 26 | Worcester Acad'y at Worcester.  |
| April 30 | Danvers High at Danvers.        |
| May 3    | W. Newb'y High at So. Byfield.  |
| May 10   | St. John's Prep. at Danvers.    |
| May 17   | Haverhill High at Haverhill.    |
| May 21   | Amesbury High at Amesbury.      |
| May 24   | Newburyport High at Newb'yp't.  |
| May 28   | W. Newbury High at W. New'y.    |
| May 31   | Amesbury High at So. Byfield.   |
| June 7   | Newburyp't High at So. Byfield. |
| June 10  | Alumni at So. Byfield.          |

#### DUMMER 8; MANNING HIGH 1.

Dummer won its first game of the season at So. Byfield by defeating Manning High, of Ipswich, by an 8 to 1 score. This game gave

Coach Jenkins a good opportunity to find out just what the boys lacked. He was pretty well satisfied with the team's fielding, but was not with its batting. "Doc" Worcester, the hero of many a base ball battle, was on the mound for Dummer during the first few innings and held the visitors without exerting himself in the least. Meanwhile Dummer, by good hitting, succeeded in scoring five runs in the first inning. Coach Jenkins, thinking this a pretty safe lead, decided to try some other men in the box. Senior and Loud were used respectively and both proved very effective. For Dummer, Worcester and Boyle excelled.

The games with Brown and Nicolls School and Hampton Academy were cancelled on account of rain.

#### DUMMER 18; ST. ANDREW'S 1.

On April 19th, Dummer took a trip to Concord for a game with St. Andrew's School. Although they expected a hard battle, they found little difficulty in defeating their opponents. Dummer ran the bases wild and scored almost at free will. Dummer stole no less than 16 bases. The feature of the game was the pitching of Worcester, who struck out 13 men in the five innings that he pitched.

#### DUMMER 6; STONE SCHOOL 3.

Dummer turned what seemed practical defeat into victory, by an excellent eighth inning rally. We



scored six runs in that inning, and had every Dummer rooter yelling like a madman. As usual Worcester's pitching was the only feature of the game.

---

### DUMMER 9; DANVERS HIGH 10.

The game with Danvers proved disastrous for Dummer. Coach Jenkins wanted to find out what the boys could really do without Worcester in the box. He, therefore, pitched Loud and although the Danvers team hit him hard at times, he did not receive the support of the men behind him. The game resulted in a general shake-up in the infield. This defeat will surely do the boys more good than evil, because it took some of the "swell-headedness" out of them.

---

### WORCESTER ACADEMY 3; DUMMER 0.

Dummer Academy did itself honor to hold the strong Worcester Academy down to a 3-0 score. The game was a pitcher's battle between Joe Fahey and "Doc" Worcester. Fahey had better batters behind him and he himself helped to win the game by hitting safely in the third, with a man on second and two out. Both teams worked like clocks. The Dummer outfielders each made two grand catches, for which they received applause from the spectators. Boyle, our catcher, caught two men trying to steal home. The real feature of the game was Arlin's throwing from deep left. He caught two Worcester men trying to stretch doubles into triples.

After the game the Dummer players were the guests of the Rev.

Mr. Lombard, of Worcester, formerly of South Byfield, and one of the Dummer trustees. He gave the boys a fine banquet, which they greatly enjoyed, and showed that ministers are sometimes good sports. Bob Chandler and Billy Bodine joined us at this feast.

---

### NOTES.

What the boys need is just a little more support from their schoolmates.

The following conversation took place after Worcester had struck out thirteen of St. Andrew's men consecutively: Coach Jenkins to Worcester—"All right, Doc, let them hit it." Doc replies in an earnest voice: "They can't."

Doc. Worcester is sure to break the school-boy strike-out record some time during the season. He surely would have broken it at the St. Andrew's game, as he had struck out thirteen men in five innings, when Coach Jenkins decided to give some other pitcher a trial.

Already some of our rivals are beginning to fear us on account of the defeat which the strong Stone School team received at our hands.

The mass meeting held in Sargent Hall, April 22, seems to have aroused the right spirit among the boys, and now every one is doing his best to support the team.

Mr. Nagel has interested some of the younger boys enough to have a junior base ball team formed. It is a good idea, because these boys are the ones that will represent Dummer in the years to come.

A. L. P. '13.

## EXCHANGES

As a new paper we have been very fortunate in getting quite a large number of good exchanges. We want to thank the respective editors for the following exchanges:

"The High School Herald", Westfield, Mass.; "The Review", Lowell, Mass.; "The Eltrurian", Haverhill, Mass.; "Allerlei", Stonington, Conn.; "The Chronicle", Hartford, Conn.; "Res Academicae", Wilkesbarre, Penn.; "The Pennant", Lebanon, Ind.; "The Enterprise", Keene, N. H.; "The Spectator", Paterson, N. J.; "The Breeze", Ashburnham, Mass.

*The High School Herald*—Your cover is good, but wouldn't it be better to have a few more cuts? We know, however, that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

*The Review*—Your literary column is good.

*Allerlei*—The caricatures of your team put spice into the paper.

*The Eltrurian*—Your cover is good, too.

*The Chronicle*—Your paper is very attractively gotten up.

*The High School Critic*—You have a very interesting literary column but a few more cuts would help.

*Res Academicae*—Your play is very interesting.

*The Pennant*—You certainly have an interesting, original paper. We always have room for you.

*The Enterprise*—Your ideas and cuts are very good.

*The Orange Peels*—A good, long, interesting paper. Come again.

*The Breeze*—A good paper like yours might be helped by a few more cuts.

*The Spectator*—Your Exchange Column has the merit of decided originality.

---

Former Master Perkins and Mrs. Perkins have returned from a long visit in New York to their home in Byfield. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are in excellent health and met a number of his old students most pleasantly in the city, Griffin, the Page brothers, and George Kibbe Turner, the magazine writer, being among the number.

---

(Continued from page 17)

The Motor Maid

.....Mrs. Arthur Merriam  
The Shepherd of the Hills

.....Mrs. Arthur Merriam  
Caleb West .....Miss Colman  
The Princess Passes ..Miss Colman  
Sonnets and Songs. Mary H. Coffin  
Northern Trails .....Miss Degen  
The Lure of the Labrador Wild

.....Miss Degen  
The Little Duke .....Mrs. Degen  
The Boys' Book of New Inven-  
tions .....Mr. Degen  
The Boys of Thirty-five.

---

**Percival K. Sanders**

*Stationery, Engraving*

*and*

*Art Novelty Goods*

---

**44 STATE STREET**  
**Newburyport, Mass.**

*Compliments of*  
**Merchants National Bank**  
 NEWBURYPORT

---

**W. M. TIBBETTS**  
***Bakers***  
 13 Pleasant Street

---

**JEWETT BROS.**

❁ ❁  
***Grocers***  
 ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

❁ ❁  
 ROWLEY, : : MASS.

---

**An Up-To-Date Drug Store**  
 Conducted in an Up-To-Date Manner

---

Largest Stock of Goods in Ipswich,  
 Pure Drugs and Chemicals,  
 Toilet Articles, Manicure  
 Equipments, Surgical  
 Supplies, Stationery,  
 Candies,

In fact everything a good drug  
 store should sell.

**Bailey's Drug Store**  
 IPSWICH ROWLEY  
 Tel. Con.

When in Newburyport  
 ——— VISIT THE ———  
**Biddle Baking Co.**

---

**WILLIAM VOVOS**  
***Boot Black Parlor***  
 HAT CLEANING a Specialty

29 Pleasant St., - Newburyport

---

**R. A. Manthorn**  
***Tonsorial Parlors***  
 ROWLEY

---

**Wm. C. Foster's Sons**  
*Manufacturers of*  
**BOOTS and SHOES**  
 ROWLEY

---

We should be happy to call your  
 attention to our latest  
 ideas in ↩↪—

**Class Photos**

---

**DEXTER, THE PHOTO ARTIST**  
 IPSWICH

---

**John W. Goodhue**  
*Dealer in*  
 Hardware, Paints, Oils,  
 Varnishes and Gas  
 Engine Supplies  
 MARINE HARDWARE  
 IPSWICH and HAMILTON,  
 MASS.



## *The Hosiery Shop*

*Latest Parisian Importations  
and a large stock of  
up-to-date Dry  
Goods.*



**H. W. PRAY**

Pleasant St., - - Newburyport

## **IDA L. KIMBALL**

Refractionist and  
Optician

69 STATE ST., NEWBURYPORT

OFFICE HOURS: 1 TO 6 P. M. DAILY  
WED. AND SAT. 7 TO 9 P. M.

## **F. A. PERKINS**

**Victrolas and Records**



43 Pleasant Street

NEWBURYPORT

## **F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.**

*5 and 10c  
Store*



45 Pleasant Street, : : Newburyport.

## **If You Have The Girl We have the Ring**

**The Brown Jewelry Co.**  
NEWBURYPORT

## **GEORGE W. AUSTIN**

**Ice Cream  
and  
Confectionery**

33 STATE ST., :: NEWBURYPORT  
Tel. Con.

## **IMPORTERS' TEA & COFFEE CO.**

Extra Blend Coffee, . . @ 26¢ lb.  
No. 1 Blend Coffee, . . @ 24¢ lb.  
Genuine Male Berry, . . @ 30¢ lb.  
High Quality Teas, . . @ 25-30¢ lb.

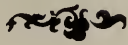
64 STATE STREET

## **C. C. STOCKMAN**

**Latest Patterns in  
Baby Carriages  
and  
Refrigerators**

10 STATE STREET

Compliments of the Manufacturers of  
**Sorosis Shoes**



**PUBLIC MARKET**

12 STATE STREET,  
NEWBURYPORT.

**EBEN BRADBURY**  
**Registered Pharmacist**

Cor. State and Pleasant Streets  
Newburyport.

**PROF. BAPTISTE'S**  
**Ladies' and Gent's**  
**Shoe Blacking Parlors**

Straw Hats and Derbies Cleaned  
Russet Shoes Dyed Black

21 INN ST.

**PEARSON'S BOOKSTORE**

*Stationery a Specialty*

35 STATE STREET, - NEWBURYPORT

**AMOS E. S. SCOTTON**  
*Watchmaker, Jeweler and*  
*. . Confectioner . .*  
IPSWICH

Have your Shoe Repairing done in  
an Up-To-Date Shop. At Reasonable Prices. While you wait.  
**Electrical Shoe Rep. Co., - Ipswich**

We carry a full line of Reach,  
Spaulding and Wright & Ditson  
Ball Goods.

**C. F. CHAPMAN, - Ipswich**

*Newburyport*  
**Five Cents Savings Bank**

Deposits, - - \$2,685,640  
Surplus and Profits, \$220,890

**¶** Deposits go upon interest the last  
Monday of January, April, July and  
October.

Dividends payable the first Monday  
of May and November.

**STAR GROCERY**  
**71 STATE STREET**  
NEWBURYPORT



**ALBERT E. FOWLER**  
**CIGARS AND MILEAGE**  
**. . . BOOKS . . .**

EST. 1888.

30 PLEASANT ST.

**M. A. KENNISON**  
**FINE MILLINERY**  
Trimmed Hats and Latest Novelties  
NEWBURYPORT

**Let GOODWIN Do Your**  
***Tailoring***  
AT CUT RATES.

**WM. T. HUMPHREYS**  
**Insurance, Investments,**  
**Real Estate**

29 STATE STREET, - NEWBURYPORT.

Telephone Connection

# Glen Mills Entire Wheat Flour

is a PERFECT FOOD for  
Student and Athlete



**GLEN MILLS CEREAL COMPANY**

**Rowley, Massachusetts**

**J. N. DUMMER, President**

## CAMP WYANOKE A SUMMER CAMP for BOYS



LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, - WOLFEBORO, N. H.

JULY 1 to Sept. 2

W. H. BENTLEY, Conductor  
Recorder, Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

## CIVILIZATION

calls for a modern shoe in city life, suitable for the feet.

### The "Ground Gripper"

is a scientifically correct shoe for women and men that assists in restoring muscular action, allowing free play of the bones and muscles, thereby strengthening them.

*Exclusive Agency at*

## *Babb's Shoe Store*

*15 Pleasant Street, - Newburyport, Mass.*

When in want of  
Anything

Go to

## JAQUES' Hardware Store

65 State Street

Newburyport



# LAMSON & HUBBARD

Manufacturers and Retailers of

**Hats and**

**Headwear**

**of Every Description**



92 Bedford and 173 Washington Sts.  
Boston, Massachusetts



